SOOTH. The fingers of the powers above do tune The harmony of this peace. The vision Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke Of this yet scarce-cold battle [3], at this instant Is full accomplish'd : For the Roman eagle, From south to west on wing soaring aloft, Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun So vanished : which foreshow'd our princely eagle, The imperial Caesar, should again unite His favour with the radiant Cymbeline, Which shines here in the west.

CYM. Laud we the gods ;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils From our bless'd altars ! Publish we this peace To all our subjects. Set we forward : Let A Roman and a British ensign wave Friendly together : so through Lud's town march: And in the temple of great Jupiter Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.— Set on there:—Never was a war did cease, Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[Eweunt[4]*.*

3—THIS YET scarce-cold battle,] Old copy—yet this, &c. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

4 This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the'absurdity of the conduct,, the confusion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation,

JOHNSON.

A book entitled '* Westward for Smelts, or the Waterman's Fare of mad Merry Western Wenches, whose Tongues albeit, like Bell-clappers, they never leave ringing, yet their Tales are sweet, and will much content you: Written by kinde Kitt of Kingstone, —was published at London in 1603; and again; in 16SO. To the second tale in that volume Shakspeare seems to have been-